

## Tristania "A Sequel Of Decay"

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In decadence I take thee by the hand  
Too frail to gain the promised land  
Too frail to take your pain away  
Too frail a sequel of decay

May millenniums gather  
On the mirage of desolated souls  
Far between departure  
With the sorrow I breed my afterthought

In thy hours of vast dejection's haunt

An angel strays upon my door  
So frail and lost within  
To weep upon her days of yore  
My decadent come in

Her stain and tears upon my floor  
The sorrow that she brings  
Devotion of the life outworn  
In decadence come in

An angel strays upon my door  
So frail and lost within  
To weep upon her days of yore  
My decadent come in

Her stain and tears upon my floor  
The sorrow that she brings  
Devotion of the life outworn  
In decadence come in

May thy lids desorb from emerald seas  
A pending solitary  
Though thy pain redeems, life it seems to be  
A fragile sanctuary

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